

INTRAMURAL IS BACK!



SUPERFICIES 17:

Fat Bastards 0

LAW GOLF 1:

Hurricane Floyd 0

details on page 8-9

You've heard her on LegalEase, now see her in print...
Carolina's debut!

page 10

LSA stuff from your hardworking student reps: opt-outs, general assemblies and more!

Lot 28 page 4-5

#9

CPA

Quid Novi

Faculty of Law of McGill University / Faculté de Droit de l'Université McGill
le 21 Septembre 1999 - Vol. 20, No. 3 - September 21, 1999

Other Food for Thought

JOSEPH MCHATTIE - NAT IV

It is the reporter, not the soldier,
Who felt the need for freedom of
The press.

It is the poet, not the soldier,
Who demanded freedom of speech.

It is the campus organizer, not the
soldier,
Who chose to demonstrate rather
than fight.

It is the lawyer, not the soldier,
Who defined what is a fair trial and
Why we have a right to it.

It is the soldier who salutes the flag,
Who serves under the flag,
And whose coffin is draped by the
flag,
*And it was the Vietnam vets who burned
the flag.*

In last week's edition of the *Quid*, an ode was published to the liberating role of the soldier. The *Quid* came out the same day that

Terrible loss for McGill, Sri Lanka and the Human Rights community

LINDSEY CAMERON - LLB II

Following in the steps of Pam Singh and Kate Wood, I trundled off to Sri Lanka for almost four months this summer to work as a human rights intern. I knew that I would learn a great deal, but I could never have anticipated this...

At the Law and Society Trust, interns worked with Dr. Neelan Tiruchelvam, an internationally renowned constitutional law scholar, lawyer, and human rights activist. Dr. Tiruchelvam's principal objective was to end Sri Lanka's civil war through peaceful negotiations. These negotiations involve devolving power to the separatist Tamil states in the North and East in order to maintain a loose federal state but to give more autonomy to the Tamils. The process makes Canadian Constitutional quarrels and those involved in perpetuating them look like nothing more than a lot of hot air (and I'm not

just talking about the politicians). In Canada, we have the luxury of attempting to resolve our constitutional "crisis" in an entirely peaceful context. There are no soldiers with large rifles on every street corner, no military checkpoints, no political prisoners, no internal refugees, no invasions, no reprisals, no bombs, and no terrorists (sorry Professor Scott, but the defunct FLQ does not represent anything close to a terrorist threat). Dr. Tiruchelvam followed Canadian constitutional negotiations carefully to see what lessons Sri Lanka could draw from the process...he never appeared bitter about the fact that Canadians are blissfully ignorant about how lucky they are to be able to hold talks in such a non-threatening environment.

Despite all of his pressing engagements, Dr. Tiruchelvam always made time to work tirelessly with countless interns, inspiring every

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Jill Hennessy at McGill?!

LegalEase (the Legal Info Clinic's very own radio show) brings an exclusive interview with the former actress who played Claire Kincaid on NBC's acclaimed drama, *Law & Order*.

Tune in this Friday, 11:30am to CKUT 90.3 on your FM dial. Find out if Claire will ever wake up from her coma...

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The nth column

TCP - LLB II

Every morning, I wake up, and there are certain things that I do. Everyone has their little idiosyncrasies which afford them some comfort on this psychotic merry-go-round we call life. The four S's aside, one of the things that I do every morning is read the paper. From cover to cover. You see, I have no TV *chez moi*, and thus, if the world exploded, I wouldn't know about it until tomorrow morning, at which point I would surely be reading in *Le Devoir* that the whole thing (the world exploding, I mean) was a gigantic conspiracy to overthrow the French language. But I digress.

What I've noticed recently is that the content of the newspaper, and certainly the quality of that content, has taken a nose-dive, and I mean without a parachute. Take, for example, the front page of the *Globe & Mail* on Wednesday, September 15: Aside from the obligatory melodrama surrounding Hurricane Floyd (apparently a big storm bound to wreak havoc on the Florida coast and the lower eastern seabord – and this a bad thing ?? – the world could do without Miami – turn the whole state into a golf course for all I care), and the *à la mode* yipping about Canadian immigration policy (a contradiction in terms – surely??), there appears a fascinating tidbit about "Students Behaving Badly". For your edification, I quote: "An alarming number of Canadian students are smoking, getting 'really drunk' and cutting class." This from a comprehensive study from none other than our friends at Health Canada.

Comprehensive indeed. The article goes on to mention that only Denmark and England fared worse on the 'getting drunk' question – presumably because they're even more sick of the cultural stereotypes that drown our disgruntled youth than are Canadian teens.

This article raises two questions in my ever-skeptical mind. First, why does it take the WHO and Health Canada millions of dollars to figure out what any average teenager or twenty-something university students could have easily pointed out? And second, why the hell is it considered newsworthy enough to plunk under the pretty, digitally enhanced (for those among the befuddled masses that cannot be fagged to learn how to read an aerial photo – damn their souls to Hell), RADARSAT image of Hurricane Floyd in all his glory? I can only speculate that the editor of the paper was thinking one of two things when he okayed the piece: 1) the general population has their collective heads so far up their asses that they surely haven't noticed this 'alarming trend towards mass intoxication and apathy, or 2) we need to fill space because there isn't enough news, and frankly, it would be a tad gauche to put the cryptic crossword on the front page.

The \$64,000 question is, of course, why this kind of pandering to the public's desire to ogle the crappy lives of others actually sells papers.

Another example, for those among you who are so inured to media criticism that my point has yet to sink in. East Timor. When I mention that geographic location, what immediately springs to mind? I believe the most recent media catch-phrase coined was a 'river of blood'. Now, before I go any further

with this, understand that though I cannot hope to understand the vile living conditions that the East Timorese are being forced to endure, I can try and sympathize. However, the constant barrage of photos, articles, video footage, etc, that is the hallmark of modern journalism, and the number of 'ethnic cleansings', 'genocides', 'famines', and 'acts of God' that appear in the pages of the press have served only to magnify my apathy. From a purely pragmatic (and/or economic) point of view, what would happen if East Timor, Hell, *all* of the island of Timor dropped into the ocean like Atlantis? Precisely nothing. The only effect that the disappearance of the Balkans, Ethiopia, Sierra Leone or, for that matter, most of mainland China, would have would be to deprive western newspapers and news channels with news. In point of fact, I often find myself wishing that those areas would drop into the sea, since then we wouldn't be subject to the veiled moralising and subtle puritanism of a western press imposing western cultural standards on foreign countries. I used to think that the US was the only country guilty of this kind of underhanded social colonization, but I was wrong. Entirely wrong. Canada, the UK, and of course the US, all do it. Take the Gulf War, for example. The whole media concept was "God and the US against the infidel Saddam". Here's a suggestion: Nuke the whole damn country into glass – you can still burn radioactive oil (which, in case you've been hiding for the last decade, was the only *real* issue). At least we wouldn't have to deal with Wolf Blitzer reporting live from Baghdad.

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QUID NOVI

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From the media we can move directly to places such as McGill Law, where kind-hearted souls have taken it upon themselves to form panels with titles such as "East Timor: What Must be Done?" Again, without prejudice, and without sounding like I'm coming out in favour of genocide (which I'm not), I tend to categorically ignore such panels, committees, quorums, and discussions for two reasons: first, I feel that, like the media screeching about war crimes, etc, such 'gatherings' serve no practical purpose other than to make the people that attend them and organize them feel all warm and fuzzy *insofar as* they, unlike you, are doing something about the problem. Of course, when you stop and look at the situation in more depth, you find that the conclusions of such meetings are most often less clear than the eyes of a 15 year old cocker spaniel with cataracts. Second, is it just me, or do I, every time I come across something of this genre, feel as if I've seen it all before?

Did all the meetings and discussion groups do much for the situation in the middle east? No. We dropped more bombs on Iraq in five weeks than had been dropped in the history of the world, ever. Did it work for the Balkans? No. We bombed them too. I guess a kind heart starts the ball rolling and an iron fist finishes it. Perhaps I've been ignoring contemporary political issues, but I can't think of a single time when well-meant diplomacy avoided bloodshed, so why not just get it over with? For instance, despite years of talks, Israelis are still killing Arabs, and Arabs are still killing Israelis, and the only positive outcome has been a boon for cemetery owners. I'd love for someone to show me, concretely, that the situation is different.

All this to say that it has gotten to the point where the media virtually has to create its own war (kind of like in *Wag the Dog*) in order to have something to report. This, above all else, is an atrocity in my mind, and is evidence of the nasty, rubber-necking side of the human psyche. Instead of creating conflict and spreading hysteria where no hysteria need be spread, why not print, in big block letters on the front page: NO NEWS TODAY. CHECK BACK TOMORROW. At least that would spare me the effort of having to read the slurry that we call news these days. Come to think of it, maybe that's why reading the paper these days is more or less as satisfying as getting a tooth pulled without anaesthetic. Of course, that's just my opinion.

Bridget Jones Goes to Law School

BY MISTRESS V. AND MLLE.N., LLB II

FRIDAY 10 SEPTEMBER

134 lbs. (why?), alcohol units 10 (okay, as mourning end of flirtation), calories 3225 (poor), minutes spent imagining first year crush Simon begging to have me back 220 (v. poor).

Uplifting liquid lunch at Thompson House today with bosom friends Hermia and Lillian. Had emergency summit re: weekend plans. Hermia has received four invitations for Saturday evening, none satisfactory as celibacy has rendered her choosy. Consensus is to host smashing dinner party, after which will all get blind drunk and spend most of Sunday in recovery.

Am over Simon once and for all. Will shift focus now to Administrative Law, after which will begin cooking extravagant yet calorie-light casserole, which will leave all law friends astounded and proclaiming my culinary genius.

Turns out Julian Crashing Bore is in afternoon Trusts class. Fancies himself a Rhodes scholar and ceaselessly interjects lectures with impossible comments about

circumventing Statute of Uses. Walking behind Julian Crashing Bore en route to class today, noticed the tag sticking out the back of his pants. Chose not to alert him.

Saw Simon and girlfriend together in the café. She is thin. Already look like a pair of Smug Marrieds, frowning disdainfully at Singletons such as self floundering around. Bloody hell. Will not invite them to dinner party. They will not have pleasure of partaking in imaginative casserole.

* * *

Have made no progress in Administrative Law as realized that refrigerator is empty save for leftover chocolate mousse and flat lettuce. Must go shop for calorie-light ingredients in preparation for culinary endeavors.

* * *

Damn. Have spilled newly purchased casserole ingredients onto Administrative Law casebook. Updated alcohol units 12.

What to do about Simon? Oh, God. I love him.

Will go eat something delicious.

(with apologies to Helen Fielding)

Jill Hennessy at McGill?!

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LSA Referendum on Accreditation

FRANÇOIS TANGUAY-RENAUD
VP EXTERNAL

On September 29 and 30, you will be asked to go to the polls to vote on the following question:

Êtes-vous d'accord pour que l'Association des Étudiants en Droit McGill Inc. demande son accréditation en vertu de La Loi sur l'accréditation et le financement des associations d'élèves ou d'étudiants (L.R.Q., c. A-3.01)?

Do you agree that the McGill Law Students' Association Inc. should ask to be accredited under *An Act Respecting the Accreditation and Financing of Students' Associations* (L.R.Q., c. A-3.01)?

La *La Loi sur l'accréditation et le financement des associations d'élèves ou d'étudiants* (L.R.Q., c. A-3.01) permet de conférer aux associations étudiantes une reconnaissance légale leur garantissant certains droits auprès des établissements d'enseignement dont ils représentent les étudiants.

As an accredited association the LSA will be guaranteed the following:

1. Recognition as the representative and spokesperson of all undergraduate law students;

2. A room and furniture free of charge;

3. The capacity to levy student fees in order to cater to the needs of its members and to finance its operations. (*This is a formalisation of current practice : we are not seeking to collect additional student fees!*)

L'accréditation de l'association s'inscrit dans un processus de restructuration du statut légal de l'association que votre conseil d'administration a entrepris dès le début de son mandat en mai dernier. Il s'agit en effet d'assurer une base solide au fonctionnement interne de l'association. Après avoir régularisé son statut corporatif au cours de l'été et à la suite de l'Assemblée générale spéciale qui se tiendra le 23 septembre, visant à confirmer quelques éléments de sa constitution (i.e. nombre de directeurs, raison social, règlements constitutifs), un vote pour l'accréditation viendra conférer à l'association d'importantes garanties assurant sa prospérité à long terme.

Most Québec student associations are now accredited, including all other Law Students Associations in the province. At a stage in our history when the University is considering imposing rent on some of our space and in the context of the negotiations of a new letter of agreement with the University, it is important for the LSA to have

all the necessary tools to provide its members with the best possible representation.

Donc le 29 et le 30 septembre, en face du *Moot Court*, de 9:30 a.m. à 5:00 p.m., venez voter en grand nombre!

If you have any questions, comments or concerns, do not hesitate to contact me at the LSA or by email at vpexternal@lsa.lan.mcgill.ca.

OPT-OUT PERIOD

As you have probably already noticed, our student fees have, again this year, increased significantly. This is obviously not talking about the increase in tuition imposed by the Quebec government on all out-of-province students. As the situation worsens year after year, it is still possible to opt-out of some of these fees. You will nevertheless need to expend some energy!

1. Health & Dental Plan (\$144.53 for the full year): The Health Plan of the Students' Society of McGill University (SSMU) is detailed in your new agenda at pages 28 to 31. You can also contact the SSMU front desk if you have any further questions at (514) 398-6800. Opt-out period: September 22 - October 5

Where?: Quebec Student Health Alliance (ASÉQ), 2045 Stanley, Suite 200, Montreal, PQ, H3A 2V4. Tel.: (514) 844-4423

How?: If you are already covered by a supplemental health insurance plan comparable to the Students' Society Health and Dental Plan you can opt-out of the programme and receive a refund of portion of your Students' Society fee. All opt-outs must be completed in person at the ASÉQ office during the opt-out period at the beginning of each semester. Opt-outs will be processed at the ASÉQ service center located at the aforementioned address. You must provide proof of other coverage such as a certificate or attestation letter. Please also have your student I.D. card.

2. McGill Student Fund (MSF) (\$38 per semester Full-Time / \$19 per semester Part-Time)

This controversial fund passed through a university wide referendum last year is divided as follows: (1) Building Fund (\$12 Full-Time/\$6 Part-Time); (2) Bursary Fund (\$12 Full-Time/\$6 Part-Time); (3) Library Improvement (\$14 Full-Time/\$7 Part-Time). Opt-out period: September 22 - October 5

Where?: SSMU Front Desk located on the first floor of the Shatner University Center, 3480 McTavish Street, Montreal, Quebec, H3A 1X9. Tel.: (514) 398-6800.

How?: Present yourself at the SSMU front desk between the aforementioned dates with your Student I.D. card.

3. Miscellaneous Student-Related Charges

It is also possible to opt-out of the fees related to some student run organizations by calling them individually and paying them a quick visit after September 22:

a. CKUT (McGill's radio station) (\$4 - 9 credits and above / \$2 - up to 8.5 credits)
Tel.: (514) 398-6787

b. Daily Publications Society (one of McGill's University wide student newspapers) (\$3.35) Tel.: (514) 398-6784

c. QPIRG (Quebec Public Interest Research Group: an umbrella organisation for various activist groups) (\$3) Tel.: (514) 398-7432. Si vous avez des questions ou commentaires, n'hésitez pas à me contacter à l'AED ou par courriel à vpexternal@lsa.lan.mcgill.ca Vice-President aux affaires externes à l'AED.



thank-yous...

NICK WHALEN - LLB II

Thanks primarily to weekend holidays, Orientation (3) Week(s) was a more gradual affair this year. Building from the strongest first year turn out ever, and culminating in complete apocalyptic destruction all that remains is to thank ... God I'm not yet an alcoholic ... I mean, thank all the incredibly generous people who made Orientation '99 such a success.

Thanks Aya, for booking the band, tracking the money, finding the restaurant (a potential last minute nightmare averted), editing the handbook, making the tickets, typesetting the calendar, organizing the busses and coming with me to Sona.

Thanks Mark, for ordering the T-Shirts and mugs when we all went on holiday, organizing the BBQ, booking the DJ's (Nat and Mike kick butt), bringing some Ordre? (who doesn't like Eric's design) to the opening day reception and for holding onto my phone.

Thanks Kath (Katwoman), for booking the boat cruise, cutting 300 booklets of tickets, finding the bowling alley, spearheading the pub crawl, roping all her friends for decorating, stuffing, stringing, cutting, cleaning. Thanks Gleider, for making the handbook the beauty that it was, for fulfilling our legal obligations to the sponsors, and for finding us the phones. I never knew how useful Clearnet Walkie-Talkies were until I went through my 5th battery!

Thanks to the LSA. Liz, President and orientation consultant extraordinaire, let me bitch to her on an almost daily basis. And when I say almost, I mean twice or even three times a day. Paul, VP Internal/globetrotter, for supplying the energy to carry the project through when the rest of us were starting to wane. Pierre-Etienne, our eminently competent VP-PR, for showing us how good this new position is, by writing the thank you

letters to the firms and by volunteering in every possible capacity. Flicker, VP Finance, for paying all the people we promised money. Francois, VP External, for getting the free Pepsi products from the SSMU for us. Allen, VP Clubs and Services aka "clubs day is not in the first 3 weeks", for all his help in the planning and execution of what would have been hell without him. Marie-Claire, VP Academic, and her committee, for providing time tables to us in advance, and for bringing the Toronto Match system to Law Partners' Day.

To the frosh leaders, especially all of you. Jono on the BBQ; Jodi at the computer; Anne-Valerie, Commish and Anne on the bar; Ali, Nicole and Heather on the door; Dan for filling in at the last minute; Tony on the road; Louisa on the exchange students (not literally — she's no longer here and cannot defend herself hehehe); Osman, Eve, Karen, Nancy for making LLBII seem less lame; Antoine and Thom — you're both helping with SkitNite; Stephanie an ace on the bowling lanes; and thanks to Dean (not for frosh week because we expect it from him, and thanking him might set a wasteful precedent) for his hilarious QUID article last week.

To our sponsors, who pay for about 50% of Orientation: the Dean; Stikeman Elliot; Blake, Cassels & Graydon; Meloche Monnex; Tory, Tory, DesLauriers & Binnington; Molson (ah beer, wonderful beer); and Clearnet.

To Stef and me. Stef for convincing me to do Orientation Week. And me for getting him so drunk he almost lost his job (but I won a skateboard).

Last, and certainly not least, thanks to the first year class, for being such a fun bunch. Hope we haven't scared you off yet cause there is still the Bookstore, Coffee House, Career's Day, Malpractice Cup, Law Games, the QUID, SkitNite ... and countless ways we're going to ask you all to get involved. Welcome.

**Special
notice
of
annual
general
meeting
on page
13 of
the Quid**

**Read
Up!**

Time to read

ROBERT LECKEY - LLB II

"I hesitated about arriving for the weekend as early as Friday," emailed a dear friend, "because I'm not used to you having time." Ouch. In fact, this exchange is not the only encounter recently to make me rethink my approach to time.

I've always been conscious of time. I was probably one of the few toddlers pushing his parents to buy him a watch. I've dated people who would beg me, as a special concession, to go a full Saturday without my watch. Everything is scheduled in my little black book, and once it's there I generally do it. I have a clock on my bathroom wall, above the mirror. Doesn't everyone?

Law, of course, only exacerbates my temporal condition. It's not hard to see that a profession that bills in six-minute intervals is going to have a field day with my hyper-awareness of time.

This summer, working at a downtown Toronto firm, I had to train myself not to watch the digital timer on my phone. It simply was not acceptable when my mother phoned in from the cottage to say, "Hurray up, Mom. This has already been six and a half minutes."

Law school also contributes. Think how much time we spend thinking about relevance and rational connections. The legal mindset pushes us to shunt aside anything extraneous, and this can easily carry over into your personal life.

I began to wonder if I needed to reprioritize and reprogram. "Organized" and "reliable" suggest terrific attributes for a reference letter, but are they what you look for in a friend? In trying to juggle various groups of friends and volunteer and work commitments, I was making plans ludicrously far in advance. I found myself irrationally irritated when a friend wanted to reschedule a long-planned supper because I had no other available time. I wished English had an equivalent of the French *s'impacter*. I felt a tightness in my chest at the thought of how few free nights I had left myself in the last month of summer. Dating someone in a more-than-casual way forced a crisis because I had so little time to spend with him. More alarming, I wasn't working close to full-time Bay Street hours and I have no children and few family obligations. I was scheduling too much, and thinking too much about time even once doi

I found myself thinking nostalgically about undergraduate days, when it seemed there was so much time. When the English poets wrote "seize the day," they didn't mean divide it into 240 billing segments. If I'm going to survive a legal career, I'm going to have to relax about time. I have a few resolutions for myself this new school year:

1. Schedule less.
2. Accept that 50 minutes to bake a potato is not slow turnaround. That's how long it takes.
3. Savour the moment, worrying less about what comes next.
4. Enjoy the pause when standing behind someone stopped on the left side of an escalator. Cease all Toronto-Montreal comparisons on this matter.
5. Do things so irrationally unconnected to my main activities that the *Oakes* test wouldn't know where to begin.
6. Embrace the 30-minute lineups at Provigo. Meditate.

Bellydancing

JEANETTE GEVIKOGLU - LLB III

Bellydancing: we've all thought about it—or at least heard about it. For some it means exercise and fun, for others it belongs to all things "exotic" like geishas or curried chicken.

Well, my roommate discovered a dance studio with lessons and we decided to try it (bellydancing that is, not geishas or green curry). So, Thursday night we stood barefoot in a studio with about twenty other women to be instructed by "Malacca," a long-haired, middle-aged woman in a fuschia crop top and red harem pants.

When Malacca first told us to raise our arms in preparation for training in arm movements, I looked around at the other women, who were all at least half a head shorter than I am, and felt more like a DC-10 preparing for take-off than a sultry bellydancer. As she led us through the first movements, however, I had a better look at the women. Many were shorter, yes, but there was an incredible variety of body shapes and size. There were also a number of older women in the class and it struck me that most of the bellydancers I'd seen were often over 35, including our instructor. My moment of distraction was caught by her: "you in the mauve T-shirt, this isn't aerobics class, put your feet closer together." Mauve T-shirt duly put her feet closer together and turned her attention back to wiggling her shoulders.

But I didn't stop thinking about what I'd noticed. It came back to me again when the woman my instructor had found to give us a

demonstration entered the circle we had sat in on the floor. She was older, she was buxom and she was wearing the brightest combination of greens and blues I've seen in a long time. As she danced, though, none of us thought of these things. She was beautiful, simply said. Her mastery of arm movements made me wonder if I'd ever progress past the DC-10 stage. Her ability to contort her torso made me envy her her hips and see mine as perhaps too slim.

Before you are upset and think me shallow, fair readers, let me say: I know that body type is no indication of beauty. It is just that there are so few situations that reinforce this fact. While women in magazines get younger and thinner, our population gets older. Many young people in our society—young women especially—have been affected by eating disorders related to low self-esteem and a negative body image. I enjoyed the fact that I was in a place where all women were accepted and their sexual energy celebrated, whatever physical package fate and given them.

I'm going back to my bellydancing class and next week I'll think less of a DC-10 and more about how great it would be to be like the woman that danced for us.

NEXT SPEAKER ADR CONFERENCE SERIES

Donna Clark from Tory Tory in Toronto will be speaking on «The Role of the Lawyer in Sports Arbitration» on Oct. 6, 1999 from 12:30-1:30 in Room 101.

For those of you have not registered yet, the Conference Series will have a booth during Clubs Day on Sept. 22 from 10:30 am - 2:30 pm. As you may know, students who attend 8 of the 10 conferences will receive a certificate from the Jeune Barreau du Quebec.

If you are interested in more information, please contact Eric Pollanen at Pollane@lsa.lan.mcgill.ca

**Next Quid:
September 27th 1999**

Deadline for submissions, rants, raves, artwork (artists where are you?!) and budding polemicists... Friday, Sept. 24

The Adventures of Captain C

Episode 1: The \$40,000 Mystery

PATRICK CORMIER - BCL III

It all started during the summer of '98. Well, really, it started long before. But exactly when, no one can tell. Somehow, \$40,000 which would have otherwise come back to the Law Students... disappeared.

NOTE: any resemblance with actual characters, events, etc., is entirely coincidental - of course. This is a work of fiction. How could something like this be true...?!

Summer '98, two weeks before Law School starts. Beautiful day. Captain C, having just filled for a few months the venerable position of Bookstore-Volunteer-Manager (BVM), looks at his watch: 09:47 - still a few minutes before the meeting in the Dean's office. I wonder how he's going to explain away this one, Capt C distractedly thinks. A \$40,000 stock shortage on \$300,000 annual gross sales revenue reported for Academic Year 1997-98 - almost 15%! If that stock shortage was not there... It would translate into \$40,000 more for the Law Students Association... Hmm....

10:03. Dean Arch-Diplomat-and-Courteous (Dean ADC) opens the meeting with Mr. Boss-of-Other-Bookstore (BOB) and Capt C present: "Well, gentlemen, I think we can get started. Mr. BOB, I appreciate you taking time off your busy schedule to come and meet with us. Capt C has requested this meeting to settle various issues, and perhaps we could get started with the Statement of Income and Expenditure that Mr. BOB prepared for the Law Bookstore?" Prudent Nods from Mr. BOB.

I really wonder what kind of explanation he's going to sell us, thinks Capt C. After all, this figure, over \$40,000, has to come from somewhere...?? A gigantic theft of several boxes of books? Somekind of fire? What could translate into a \$40,000 Stock Shortage?!

"It's really difficult to explain", says Mr. BOB. "You see, those statements prepared by my staff allow us to correctly calculate the

amount of profits which should be remitted to your Faculty, at the end of each Fiscal Year. They are prepared according to the information we get from the students working at the Law Bookstore. This year, when we crank the numbers, we are left over with a \$40,000 stock shortage, which must be deducted, among other things, in order to figure out your net profits".

"Fair enough", replies Capt C, "but could you give us an idea how this figure was calculated? What is the underlying data? The Statement sent to us was very short, with no details at all..."

"That would be quite complicated [...follows a long convoluted complicated retail-accounting-stuff-mixed-with-frank-admissions-of-not-knowing-because-only-an-accountant-would-know-better...]"

Dean ADC, patient as ever, politely asks: "Mr. BOB, according to your long experience as a Bookstore Manager, what is your best tentative explanation for what happened here?"

"Well... it must be... bad accounting which caught up with the years!", answers blankly Mr. BOB.

I can't believe this!!! Shit, and Dean ADC is even thoughtfully nodding - I must be dreaming thinks Capt C. If \$45M out of the \$300M University operating budget were to "disappear"; there would be the hell of an inquiry. But we are going to leave it at this...?!

"Mr. BOB, in the circumstances, owing to the relative importance of the amount, would you accept that I talk to your staff to try figuring out what happened?"

"Sure. You can talk to Jo-Ann", replies Mr. BOB with apparent equanimity.

(to be continued)

I N T R A M U R A L N E W S

Letter from the lockerroom

KATE WOOD - VP ATHLETICS

FRIDAY - SEPTEMBER 17 - 8AM.

As I write this, Hurricane Floyd is upon us and the future of the golf tournament hangs in the balance. The near future is wet, my friends, very very wet. But for now I will reserve my comments about how crazy you'd have to be to want to play golf in weather like this. Or play anything in weather like this (except maybe indoors).

Instead of dwelling on the drowned ruins of my first big event as VP Athletics, let us speak of happy things. Like how great it is going to feel to win the Malpractice Cup again this year. The date for the destruction and humiliation of the Medicine students at our hands is set. Get out your spanky little agendas and mark this down – October 16th, 1999 on the reservoir. Time to be determined.

For those of you that have been asking, the usual sports that we use to degrade those little E.R.-wanna-bes are the following: men's and women's soccer, men's flag football, dodge ball, egg toss, and of course any event that involves alcohol. Note that I did not include the game of Ultimate on this list because, unfortunately, the Meds seem to kick our ass in Ultimate every year. This cannot continue. We have two, (yes TWO) Ultimate teams at the faculty this year, I want to hear only of our wins, no losses.

Keep your ears and eyes peeled for info regarding Malpractice Cup T-shirts (yes, we also must look better than them). I will also be needing volunteers to help go through the Med faculty to taunt them, tease them, ridicule them and remind them that this year will be a 3-peat for the Law Faculty.

Finally, a note about one other little event that I'm trying to arrange. I'm planning a trip one afternoon to head down to the Villeneuve race track to go roller-blading. If you are interested, let me know. OK, I'm off into the wild wet yonder to watch insane people walk around in cruel, brutal weather wacking little white balls into water-filled holes. I'll let you know how it goes.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1999

If I hadn't seen it myself, I wouldn't have believed it! For some unknown reason, the entire province of Quebec was completely submerged under water last Friday all except one golf course in Lachute. The sun gods smiled, the golf tournament was saved and everyone had a great day of golf.

...and then seeing his children sob and lament their cruel and unjust lot, and feeling much compassion, the benevolent LORD reached down from the heavens, and with one fell blow, dispatched heavy-handed Cirrus and howling Ariel, and mercifully blessed the McGill Law Golf Classic with weather sublime for all eternity and a day. Amen.

Their bags Pino-packed with Naya, and the skies only just cleared of cats and dogs, 30-odd golfers set out around midday last Friday to tame the parcours #1 at Club de golf Lachute. Floyd had, no doubt, done his very worst to test the group's resolve: intermittent hail, high winds, driving rain, etc. But then law students are a hardy bunch (that, or cheap seeing as how they had all coughed up a non-refundable 45\$ in the days leading up to the event). In its own backward way, laziness may have also played a part in the group's absurd come stoic behaviour. After all, having gone to the trouble of meticulously ironing their plus-fours the eve of the tourney, it was no doubt golf or be damned from most of the students' perspective. Or maybe we can point to the fact that golfers, in general, tend to be a somewhat peculiar bunch. If they're willing to chase a Titleist through forest, brush, desert and darkness, why not through a quagmire as well?

In any event, Floyd notwithstanding, it was clear from mid-morning on that the 5th edition of the McGill Law Golf Classic was a GO. Cudos to the lawyers from Ogilvy Renault: the only corporate stormtroopers with mettle enough to brave the elements and join us. Clearly, this is one firm that takes its recruitment seriously (in stark contrast, dare I say, to those firms that draw pictures of soccer balls and basketball nets on their brochures in an effort to *look* sporty).

The requisite 5\$ fire engine red, mesh Lachute caps purchased and donned Deep

South trailer-trash style - and the breakfasts coveted on the drive up acquired from the G.C.'s *Triple Bypass Grill* and duly ingested - it was time to play ball. While most 4somes teed off with little aspiration other than to drain a few putts (and the contents of a hidden flask or two) and share a few laughs on course, a smattering of the faculty's golfers and, uh, visiting students, teed off with one eye on the ball and another on the prize: lowest Vegas score and a free round at the G.C. In retrospect, the threesome of Simon, Labrom, & Hoffman must surely have numbered among them. Skippered by a young whippersnapper with solid credentials (at least from tee to green!), the threesome's colossal drives and electric short game combined to produce some damn ferocious golf and a six stroke victory over the field. Word on the street is that their posting of 10 under par established a new McGill Law Classic record...but I (humbly!) digress.

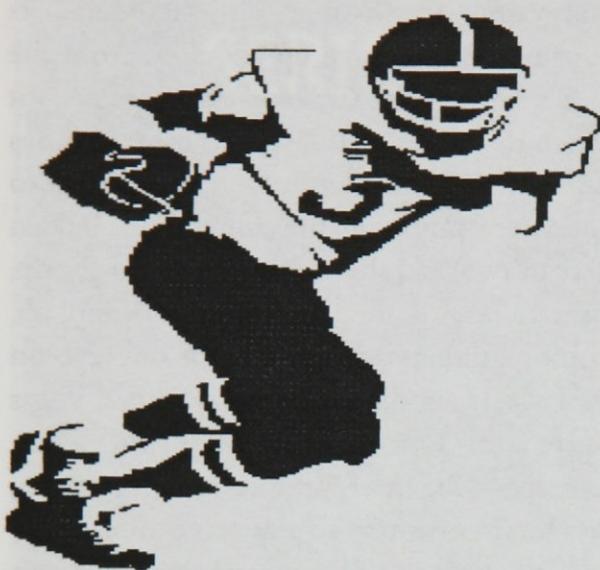
Other winners on the day included our venerable V.P. Finance, Monsieur Paul Flicker. Renowned on tour for 'Flickering' tee shots that would make John Daly tremble, Protomaitre Flicker opted to sleeve his Bubble Burner for a hole and unloose a wicked wedge shot on #13. His timely pitch would nestle up to within six feet of the hole and win him closest to the pin honours on the day. Only one player, it would seem, brought any heavy artillery on the day. Recently arrived from a galaxy far, far away – I believe our astronomers know it as Big Bertha Six – Raphael Simon rocket-launched his tee shot on 18 out of sight (briefly) and into the fairway and record books. 307 yards INTO THE WIND. Good for longest drive of the day. Steve Kelly, eat your heart out.

The tournament over, participants indulged in a few snapshots for posterity and a pitcher of shandy or two.

Rookie golfer Dan Gaudreault's brief skirmish on the tee with Boom Boom Simon provided the highlight of the apres-golf activities. Alas, Gaudreault's valiant attempts at unseating the Longest Drive Champion notwithstanding, the tussle ended predictably. An awards ceremony with something for everyone closed out the event. Prizes were distributed and, in some cases, seized, as proved the case when a pack of ravenous

CONTINUED ON PAGE 9

INTRAMURAL NEWS



BRENT OLTHUIS - LLB III

The 1999 incarnation of our faculty's men's flag football team, the Superfishies, played its first game this last weekend. This year has seen a number of roster changes, and the denizens of 3644 Peel will be pleased to learn that this year's model shows great promise, fielding a solid nine on each side of the ball, with an enviable bench depth to boot.

The game began on a good note, with second-year phenomenon Amarkai Laryea exhibiting his blazing speed to return an interception for a major, showing the opposing Fat Bastards what one year's experience has taught him. The score was converted by Marc Labrom – whose golden foot is prized amongst the most important off-season acquisitions – and the Fish had a very early 7-0 lead.

On the field again, the defensive unit once again held the opponents "first-downless", inspiring this reporter to find a suitably terrorizing nickname for the nine men. Therefore, without further ado, I propose the following:

WHEREAS, there have existed at various times and places the Monsters of the Midway, the Doomsday Defence, the Orange Crush, the Purple People-Eaters, the Killer B's and the Steel Curtain;

And whereas the said defensive units utilized intimidation along with skill in their domination of opposing offences;

And whereas the nicknames given to these defensive units aided and abetted them in their pursuit of these two noble goals;

◆ Superfishies Give Boot to Fat Bastards

And whereas the 1999 law men's flag football team comprises such a defensive unit in need of a nickname;

Let it be proclaimed that this last body be christened...the Piranhas!

Not to be outdone, the offence was pressured to put some points on the board itself. This was accomplished in short order, as a determined sweep by newly-positioned *porteur de ballon* Ron Billingsley gained valuable terrain and set up beautifully the Superfishies' vaunted play action. The second offensive play of the year was thus another touchdown, as pivot Brent Olthuis faked the same pitch to Billingsley and (behind the pass protection of some very large lads: Tom Park, Saklaine Hedaraly, James Bailey and import Trevor Kaatz) hit Paul St. Pierre-Plamondon on a fade in the back of the endzone. It was as if the gang had been at it all summer. Labrom again handled the point after.

As the game continued, our Piranhas continued to dominate, playing with the disciplined yet intense approach favoured by defensive co-ordinator Hafeez Khan. The only exception was when rookie Max "Mad Dog" Rogan, another valuable summer acquisition, let his passion get the better of him as he bull-rushed the Fat Bastards' *quart arrière*. A noted disciplinarian, linebacker Jeff Nichols was shocked. Nevertheless, the coaching staff was impressed by the cut of Rogan's jib, as his intense look is likely to pay off in future matches.

The only other score in the game came late in the second half, after tight end Dan "Le Bleuet Exporté" Gaudreault hauled in a pass and proceeded/walked towards the end zone before being stopped by some Bastards. The Superfishies' other tight end, Kosta Kostic, managed on the next play to get wide open in the end zone, but there was some missed communication as to what Kostic was supposed to do when the ball landed in his hands, and the pass was incomplete. (Kostic proved to be a quick learner, however,

hauling in a reception on the second-to-last play of the game.) This set the stage once again for Labrom, who is quickly earning a reputation throughout the league as a *nouveau Jan Stenerud*. The long snap from Park was right on target, the hold was decent, and Labrom split the uprights for three. Final score: Superfishies 17, Fat Bastards 0.

Although in the past, intramural sports have met with little enthusiasm in the way of spectators (except when beer is offered as a bribe), this reporter will highlight some of the expected highlights in the coming Campaign for a Cup: the veteran (and speedy) receiving corps of St. Pierre-Plamondon and Lucas Carsley; the exciting possibility of field goals from *n'importe où* on the field; and, if it need be said, the Piranhas. Come out and cheer!

Stay tuned for future news on the fish front.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

golfers come wolves descended on the tasty canapes contributed by the G.C itself. A truly class affair! Final words of thanks go to Kate Wood (the brains behind the whole brouhaha), Dean Taylor (the substitute brains/muscle who helped out in her absence), Francine Cholette (the Faculty's lone representative), and that rather capable bartender who somehow managed to magically produce Caesar after Caesar from behind the bar and keep thirty-odd thirsty golfers simultaneously happy!

I'd like to thank our many sponsors that helped make the tournament such a success and helped to ensure that 99% of the participants went home with prizes. Much thanks to Molson, Melloche Monnex, the McCord Museum, McCarthy Tétrault, Musée des Beaux-Arts, Imax Theatre in the Vieux-Port, Eggspectations, Carlo's & Pepe's, Centaur Theatre Company, Montreal Expos, Naya Water, Moe's Deli Bar & Grill and the Club de Golf Lachute. And a special big thanks to Pino of the faculty cafeteria - he came through in a big way and I think we should all

September 21, 1999

P.I.L. H.E.L.L.

CAROLINA MINGARELLI - BCL III

Relaxez, prenez une gorgée de votre café tiède et laissez-moi vous raconter une petite histoire simple. Mais oui, vous pouvez ignorer le professeur pour un petit instant. Je sais déjà que vous le faites tous; vous êtes assis à l'arrière de la classe 102 avec un air distrait essayant désespérément de vous rappeler les paroles de 'I'm Too Sexy' du groupe très talentueux Right Said Fred (?), vous chuchotez, vous vous endormez... Cette fois, laissez-moi vous emportez sur une aventure des plus intellectuelles de votre carrière en tant qu'étudiants de droit. Laissez-moi vous guidez dans une excursion à travers les profondeurs d'une partie des plus démentes et, non étonnamment à ceux qui la connaissent, des plus surutilisées du cerveau d'une étudiante.

C'était une belle soirée vers la fin du mois d'avril. La date importe peu. En ce moment que j'ai voué ne jamais répéter, la seule chose qui m'intéressait était d'oublier tout ce que j'avais appris en vue de passer à travers l'examen que je venais de terminer pour laisser de l'espace à la matière que je devais absorber de manière à passer à travers mon prochain examen qui se présenterait devant moi dans moins de dix-sept heures. I had little time to waste. I rushed to the secret meeting place where my study group and I had decided to meet to go over the material once more. It was the Final Countdown (I had to put that in there). After this exam, I would be halfway through law school. I could have completed my MA in that amount of time, but nooooooo, I just had to opt for the option that would delay my entry into the real world (i.e. the world where you have to work full-time) as much as possible.

Boy, those tangents have a way of just creeping up on you, don't they? Returning to the matter at hand, we had to study. Skip. We have been studying for two hours. Twenty minute break in order to swallow noodles. We would have swallowed and studied had it not been for the threat of indigestion. The realisation of one's ignorance always seems to have a detrimental effect on one's stomach. Several hours pass...we absorb every principle of Public International Law we can. We are in a race with time. Every second brings us closer

to questions about citizenship, nationality and armed attacks. Every second also brings us closer to the brink, to the edge... of sanity. I know you all know to what I am referring when I say, 'The edge... of sanity'. It's that place where exhaustion, too much coffee, stress, and desperation meet, fumble around with each other, give you aches and make you say the most inane, useless and, might I add, ridiculous things. Worse even than all those horrifying side effects, arriving at the brink of insanity will warp, bend and mutate your sense of humour. For example, a person, such as myself, who appreciates the absurdities of life, will be made to feel as though everything is absurd. I am embarrassed to say that at that stage, once I arrived at the edge of sanity, I thought everything was funny. Every comment, every look, every doodle, every thought I had made me laugh.

I cried in pain! I was getting cramps because of the laughter. It was distracting me. I could no longer concentrate. And yet, I could not stop. My body needed to laugh. It needed to be free from stress. And we laughed,

all of us, except the man in the corner who just sneered and rolled his eyes and complained that we would all fail! Imagine that. Failing. That was a concept none of us had thought of until we entered the big wooden doors of the Faculty. There was a time when the thought of failing was a fleeting, bothersome musing that was quickly dismissed as utterly absurd, but now, failing was a real threat, one that would bring with it denial, humiliation, depression, a lower C.G.P.A, and a rejection letter from the Big Firm. So we tried, we tried to concentrate, we tried to study, we tried to learn. In vain. I had fallen over the brink; I could no longer work. I gave up and went home. Went to bed. I fell asleep. I dreamed of a world without evaluations, without states fighting, without Human Rights violations. I dreamed of a world where we wouldn't have to learn Public International Law. Intense Silence.

ed note: Carolina can not only be read within the pages of the Quid but listened to on the air on LegalEase, the Legal Information Clinic's radio show every second Friday on CKUT 90.3 fm.

Jill Hennessy at McGill?!

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LegalEase (the Legal Info Clinic's very own radio show) brings an exclusive interview with the former actress who played Claire Kincaid on NBC's acclaimed drama, *Law & Order*.

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on your FM dial. Find
out if Claire will ever
wake up from her
coma...

Une maladie sociale pernicieuse: l'individualisme

PATRICK CORMIER - BCL III

Est-ce que ça vous arrive d'en avoir marre de bien peser chaque mot attentivement avant d'écrire? Moi oui. Comme en ce moment. Après quelques années en droit, le réflexe s'installe. C'est naturel. On fait plus attention. Hop, un autre essai de droit. Hop, un autre examen. Hop, une note de service pour un juge. Hop - hop - hop.

Tout comme vous m'avez pardonné mon franc parler récemment (courriel au sujet de la librairie - celui envoyé par Liz), j'espère que vous sera patient avec moi dans cet article. Il sonne peut-être moralisateur, idéaliste, déconnecté, etc.; mais j'espère qu'on pourra aller au-delà de comment ça "sonne". Parce que nous sommes malades. Collectivement.

Ça commence à la faculté, ça va dans les cabinets et la belle société, et en bout de ligne, qu'obtient-on? Ce qu'on mérite: une société dure, sans âme, sans coeur, éprouvant de temps à autre des soubresauts de culpabilité collective, et se noyant dans le déluge des absurdités contemporaines. La bienveillance et la générosité sont en train de disparaître des contacts humains (demandez à vos parents, ils vous confirmeront ça), c'est chacun pour soi.

Commençons par la faculté. Notre faculté. Je n'ai pas encore compris comment il est possible que certains d'entre nous soient tellement INDIVIDUALISTES. L'exemple classique, vécu à quelques reprises à la librairie: "donnez-vous un rabais si on est bénévole?" Bye bye... 4 fois sur 5, les gens qui demandent ça, ils disparaissent sans nouvelles... Y'a pas mal de gens qui carbure au "what's in it for ME"! Heureusement, il y a les autres (ouf!).

L'explication n'y change rien, *i.e.* si tout le monde agissait ainsi, notre librairie ne pourrait pas exister, ou les recueils seraient 75% plus chers. Ceux qui carburent à l'individualistane n'en ont rien à cirer - pourvu que les recueils n'augmentent pas de prix.

J'ai pris comme exemple la librairie, mais il y en a d'autre. Un autre exemple classique: connaissez-vous des gens à la fac qui ne seraient

jamais bénévoles pour rien, mais qui subitement deviennent bénévoles au "Careers Day" dans l'espoir qu'ils puissent rencontrer de futurs employeurs ou contacts dans un contexte privilégié? "What's in it for me..."

Sur le marché du travail, c'est un peu la même chose d'après ce que me disent mes amis (mon expérience étant confinée à l'armée, elle n'est pas représentative). Par exemple, un ami ingénieur à Pratt & Whitney m'expliquait que les coupures de personnel étaient imposées par les dirigeants américains pour des raisons fort pragmatiques: les actionnaires ont promis aux dirigeants des boni farameux si le cours de l'action se maintenaient au dessus d'un certain montant pour six mois. Or, le moyen le plus facile de faire grimper le cours des actions ces temps-ci est justement de "rationaliser" (lire: faire des coupures de personnel)! Ces actionnaires et dirigeants carburent à l'individualistane.

Note: essayez de comprendre ça - Pratt & Whitney Canada pleure auprès du gouvernement du Canada pour obtenir une subvention, les temps sont durs, etc, les emplois menacés, bla bla. Le Canada donne \$21M à Pratt & Whitney. Mais - la société mère de Pratt & Whitney aux États-Unis a fait des profits records l'année dernière... et Pratt licencie une autre flopée d'employés en janvier 2000.

Un autre exemple, à un autre niveau: plusieurs employés municipaux dans notre chère ville de Montréal. Avez-vous une idée quelconque à quel point plusieurs catégories d'emplois sont surpayés à Montréal?! Les syndicats aboient, crient, s'agitent; mais au bout de la ligne, je doute énormément qu'aucun de ces employés quitte son emploi. Parce qu'il ne trouvera pas meilleur ailleurs. On carbure à l'individualistane - "what's in it for me?".

Plus la masse salariale des employés de l'État est énorme, moins il y a d'argent disponible pour la Santé, l'Éducation, la réduction de la dette, etc... Mais, les syndicats ne veulent pas trop penser à ça; ils appliquent impitoyablement la même logique de

négociation que s'ils étaient dans l'industrie privée.

Changement de sujet - vous, c'est quoi votre contribution à la faculté?

Ah - une tite minute là! Soyez pas choqué. D'ailleurs, si vous êtes déjà impliqué, ou si vous ne pouvez pas parce que vous travaillez (\$\$\$) en plus d'étudier, je ne crois pas que cette question vous choquerait... non?

Savez-vous pourquoi carburer à l'individualistane est une maladie pernicieuse? Parce qu'on est, dans une large mesure, ce que l'on fait (pour notre entourage en tout cas). Imaginez que vous agissez en individualiste pendant dix ans, et observez-vous ensuite. Aimez-vous le résultat? Bon, on multiplie par des milliers, des millions de personnes. Aimez-vous cette société?

**Next Quid:
September 27th 1999**

**Deadline for
submissions, rants,
raves, artwork (artists
where are you?!) and
budding
polemicists...
Friday, Sept. 24**

September 21, 1999

The Peanut Gallery

SCOTT ALEXANDER GRACIE - TRAN I

Well here we are, the first class of the new system, with all our hopes and dreams of capturing that elusive position of number one in the rankings by slaying our opponents with our supreme intellects. All fantasy aside, the reality is that the last few weeks have been an interesting experience for most of us. We have met new friends, learned how smart we are not, and generally had a good time. However, the majority of us being Canadian, we are a sarcastic lot. Being sarcastic is to a Canadian what owning a gun is to an American — it is our right. It gets us through cold winters, insane politics, and re-runs of the "Littlest Hobo." I intend to exercise that right by expressing some sentiments about my first few weeks here at McGill. Enjoy them, perhaps you feel the same way.

1. Stop asking me what my LSAT score was or when I got my acceptance letter. I am here and that's all that matters.

2. No, my file did not accidentally get stuck between the guy from Yale and the guy from Oxford.

3. Why, when I am discussing the new system with anyone in the upper years do I get the same unnerving response: "oh, it might work."

4. Why did I have to pay for wine at the wine and cheese?

5. In reference to the wine, was it just me or did anyone else get the feeling that a certain person in upper year who had run for election last year and lost was capitalizing on this discontent by saying something to the effect of "well if you vote for me, next year will be different." Hey pal, you lost my vote already. We are not that stupid; we can smell BS.

6. The boat cruise was excellent. Can the person who took pictures of me with my pants down please contact me and we can make some sort of a financial arrangement as to the purchase of the negatives and any photos?

7. Again, in reference to the boat cruise I would like to take this chance to publicly apologize to the two-second year girls whom I mistakenly thought were in my class. Sorry, I should have been able to smell your air of superiority but it was camouflaged by your nasty perfume.

8. I loved the pub-crawl even though we cheated like hell and still came in second last. My thanks to the organizers for putting up with us; especially that guy at the Peel Pub who we were spitting beer on. However, I am concerned by the suspicious absence of 120 of my fellow first-year classmates. Where were you? Afraid of a little rain or did you have another study group at the Second Cup on Milton and Parc? That's right group two, we in group one know of your clandestine plans to destroy us!

9. Many, many, many thanks to the numerous upper year students who have taken time to explain things to me and offer their support—and summaries! I owe you each a beer.

Bored with your life? (doh!)

Je vous invite à CLUBS DAY, la meilleure journée de toute l'année. Come find out how you can get involved and stop burying yourself in your CBCA.

**Mercredi, le 22
septembre
10h00 à 15h00
dans l'atrium**

If you represent a club or committee that will be participating in Clubs Day, please respond to vpclubs@lsa to let me know ASAP..

Allen Mendelsohn

VP Clubs and Services

» Notice is hereby given that the Law Students for the Decriminalization of Marijuana at McGill will not be meeting this week.

Events

NEXT SPEAKER IN THE MCGILL ADR CONFERENCE SERIES

Donna Clark from Tory Tory in Toronto will be speaking on «The Role of the Lawyer in Sports Arbitration» on Oct. 6, 1999 from 12:30-1:30 in Room 101.

For those of you have not registered yet, the Conference Series will have a booth during Clubs Day on Sept. 22 from 10:30 am - 2:30 pm. As you may know, students who attend 8 of the 10 conferences will receive a certificate from the Jeune Barreau du Quebec.

If you are interested in more information, please contact Eric Pollanen at Pollane@lsa.lan.mcgill.ca

ILS COFFEE HOUSE

Food, drinks, music and fun from around the globe will be available on Thursday evening. The International Law Society (ILS) will be hosting the September 23rd Coffee House. Don't miss it for the world!

We will also need volunteers to help set up and take things down, to serve food and drinks, and for other matters. If you are interested in volunteering please contact Eric Pollanen at Pollane@lsa.lan.mcgill.ca.

Get your event covered in the Quid!

Just send us your event, the time, date and place and we'll insert it here. Doing things last minute and need an attention-grabber? Let us know - we'll try to accommodate you.

Send us a file attachment with the info to quid@lsa

PINO & MATTEO - A FAIRY TALE

Allen Mendelsohn
VP Clubs and Services

By now you've seen the logo around - "Pino & Matteo". You think it has something to do with the gorgeous new cafeteria we've got, but you're not quite sure. Allow me to recount this fairy tale with a happy ending:

Once upon a time (actually last year), the Law Faculty had a cafeteria that sucked. Except for some nice people working there, there was nothing redeeming about the place except for the fact that it was in our building. Everyone complained about the food, the prices and the fact that they closed before that night JICP or tax class, when you REALLY needed a cup of coffee. Alas, last May, the contract that bound us to a crappy food service company expired. The LSA moved to find a replacement, someone who could actually meet students needs. A crack team of experts was assembled, led by the President, VP External and yours truly. We looked far and wide for a company who would give us a cafeteria we would all be proud of. Company after company turned us down, or wanted us to spend so much of our own money it just wouldn't make sense. For a while, it seemed as if we wouldn't have a cafeteria at all. But at the eleventh hour, we met our Italian White Knight - Pino Abbruzzo. Already owner of a dépanneur/resto on Drummond, he had expansion plans that fit perfectly with our needs. Negotiations were quick and fair. With incredible efficiency, Pino went about renovating the space. The results speak for themselves.

So what are the results? How is our new cafeteria better? Let me count the ways. First of all, just look around - it's actually pleasing to the eye. Look down - beautiful ceramic tiles! Let's talk about the food - delicious! Let's talk about the prices - awesome! Sandwiches for a couple of bucks, full meals for under four dollars, how can you beat that? Selection? Pino's got it all - stuff our old caf never had - ice cream, cakes, salads. Not to mention the little things that turn the cafeteria into a dep, too - gum, chocolate, cigarettes. I know I'm going to appreciate the Halls and Kleenex when the winter cold and flu season rolls around. Finally, you can get all this stuff during that night class - Pino never seems to close.

The great thing about Pino is his responsiveness - just give him a suggestion and it gets done. People wanted herbal teas and bigger coffee cups, for example - these items arrived the next day. He always wants to make things better - just talk to him and let him know. Or you can let me know and I'll talk to him. He's also got all sorts of great plans for the future, both immediate and long-term. An Interac service is on the way. He's got plans for tables and chairs to be set up outside for that outdoor café atmosphere right in our own Faculty.

So if you've got any ideas, comments or complaints (although I can't imagine what), talk to Pino or myself, your cafeteria-LSA liaison. Remember we're all in this together - Pino's success is our success. He's done his part, and will continue to do it for many years to come. Let's do our part - it's easy - just eat.

Finally, don't ask me who Matteo is, 'cause I have no idea. You can ask Pino, though - he's happy to talk about anything.

Une assemblée générale spéciale des membres de l'ASSOCIATION DES ÉTUDIANTS EN DROIT MCGILL INC. sera tenue le 23 septembre 1999 à 16h30 dans la salle du Moot Court afin d'adopter

a) une résolution changeant le nom de l'association de ASSOCIATION DES ÉTUDIANTS EN DROIT MCGILL INC-MCGILL LAW STUDENTS ASSOCIATION INC.

en

ASSOCIATION DES ÉTUDIANTES ET ÉTUDIANTS EN DROIT DE L'UNIVERSITÉ MCGILL-LAW STUDENTS ASSOCIATION OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY

b) une résolution modifiant le nombre des administrateurs de 20 à 22.

c) une resolution adoptant la nouvelle constitution qui fut préablement accepté par référendum par les étudiants de la faculté de droit de l'université McGill.

Montreal, le 10 septembre 1999

NOTICE

A Special General Meeting of the members the MCGILL LAW STUDENTS ASSOCIATION INC. shall be held on 23 September 1999 at 16:30 in the Moot Court in order to adopt

a) a Resolution changing the name of the Association from MCGILL LAW STUDENTS ASSOCIATION INC-ASSOCIATION DES ÉTUDIANTS EN DROIT MCGILL INC.

to

LAW STUDENTS ASSOCIATION OF MCGILL UNIVERSITY-ASSOCIATION DES ÉTUDIANTES ET ÉTUDIANTS EN DROIT DE L'UNIVERSITÉ MCGILL

b) a Resolution increasing the number of directors from 20 to 22.

c) a Resolution passing the new Constitution approved in referendum by the Students of the Society

Montreal, 10 September 1999

AVIS DE CONVOCATION

September 21, 1999

Career & Placement

Stéphanie Rainville & Eric
Pollanen
Co-ordinators
Tel: 398-6159 email:
placement@lsa

Francine Cholette, Director
Tel: 398-6618 email:
cholette@falaw

OFFICE HOURS:

Monday to Thursday
10:30-12:00/2:00-3:30
Or by appointment

Please note that our Newsletter is also published on the Notice Board

CAREER PLACEMENT OFFICE NEWSLETTER

SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1999

STUDENT SUMMER SURVEY

You have had a great summer job? You would like to share your summer experience with your peers? You would like to leave some information or advice about your summer job to students for next year? Please come to the Placement Office to fill out our new Summer Survey.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED - URGENT

In preparation for the upcoming Careers Day to be held on Monday September 27th, the Placement Office needs 30 volunteers to make that event a great success. Good opportunity to meet with the Ontario and West Canada firms representatives. Whether you can spare a few hours or more, please sign up at the Placement Office or with one of the coordinators, Stéphanie Rainville and Eric Pollanen. Or come to our information meeting on Wednesday, September 22nd, in the Common Room. WE NEED YOU!!!

ONTARIO 2000-2001 ARTICLING RECRUITMENT

National Matching Services published the following results: 272 students out of 702 students participating in the match were not matched, meaning 39% of the students were not matched.

To those of you who have not been successful with the Match, please make an appointment with me so that we can see how the Placement Office will help you find an articling position for 2000. I would like to have your cv on file should any employer be calling me with current opportunities. Your name will be added to the Special EMail Distribution List to inform you of all current opportunities. I also invite you to consult regularly the LSUC Articling Vacancies List available at the Placement Office.

Articling Vacancy for 2000-2001:
Regional Municipality of Ottawa-Carleton – 2 positions vacant.
Interviews in the fall. Placement Office for more information.

ONTARIO RECRUITMENT OF 2ND YR LAW STUDENTS FOR SUMMER 2000

1. Student applications for interviews received by Friday, October 8, 1999, shall be treated without regard for the date of receipt.
2. The time and date of interviews shall not be communicated in any way until 8:00am on Friday October 22, 1999
3. Interviews shall not be conducted prior to 8:00am on Monday, November 1, 1999.
4. No communication of offers of employment or the intention to make such offers shall be made prior to 4:00pm on Wednesday, Nov 3, 99

In preparation for this recruitment, the 3 following activities are scheduled:

ONTARIO CAREERS DAY – MONDAY SEPTEMBER 27TH, ATRIUM

Ontario firms will be visiting our campus in preparation for the 2nd yr Students Summer 2000 Recruitment and for the 2001-2002 Articling Recruitment which will take place during next summer.

All students intending to apply to Ontario firms whether for summer or articling positions during the upcoming year are invited to visit the firms booths during this event as, for the first time this year, Ontario firms WILL NOT come back on campus in January. There will be NO ONTARIO CAREER DAY IN JANUARY. So Monday September 27th is your ONLY CHANCE to meet with Ontario representatives here on campus. Booths are open between 1:00pm and 4:00pm followed by an informal cocktail with the representatives at 4:00pm .

SEMINARS to be held prior to the opening of booths on Monday, September 27th, Room 101 NCDH. Please attend these very important sessions:

10:00 am Résumé and Cover Letter Preparation with the following Guest Speakers:

Andrew Wilson – Goodman Phillips & Vineberg

Greg Wylie – Osler, Hoskin & Harcourt

Anne Ristic – Stikeman Elliott

Neil Rabinovitch – Goodman and Carr

10:45am Interview Skills with the following Guest Speakers:

Stephanie Willson – McMillan Binch

Bruce Treichel – Fasken Campbell Godfrey

Cam Rusaw – Davies, Ward & Beck

Brian Pel – McCarthy Tétrault

RESUME CLINIC on September 29, 30 and October 5.

Following the Résumé Writing Seminar, you can have your résumé reviewed by the CPO Director before you send it to the firms. Come to the Placement Office to sign up for an appointment on one of these 3 days.

LEGAL EMPLOYMENT CAREER HANDBOOK 1999-2000 EDITION

on Sale at the Placement Office 10\$

NEW YORK RECRUITMENT

PROSKAUER ROSE are still accepting applications for a summer/associate position with their firm. They will come to interview on campus on Monday October 18th. Please submit directly to the firm to the attention of Daniel Ages, before September 30th.

STUDENTS WITH DISABILITIES

Info Session- the Placement Office in conjunction with CAPS will be holding an information session for law students with disabilities on Monday, November 1st, 1999 at 2:00pm, Room 201 NCDH.

Workshop: Job Search I for Students with Disabilities – Burnside Building, Room 105. This workshop will provide you with the opportunity to discuss experiences and difficulties encountered during an active job search. Basic strategies and tips will be given which can contribute to making your experience a more positive one. Wednesday, October 6th, 12:00 – 1:30pm

ALTERNATIVE CAREERS

Commission de la fonction publique du Canada offre des emplois permanents à la fin des études prévue pour 2000.

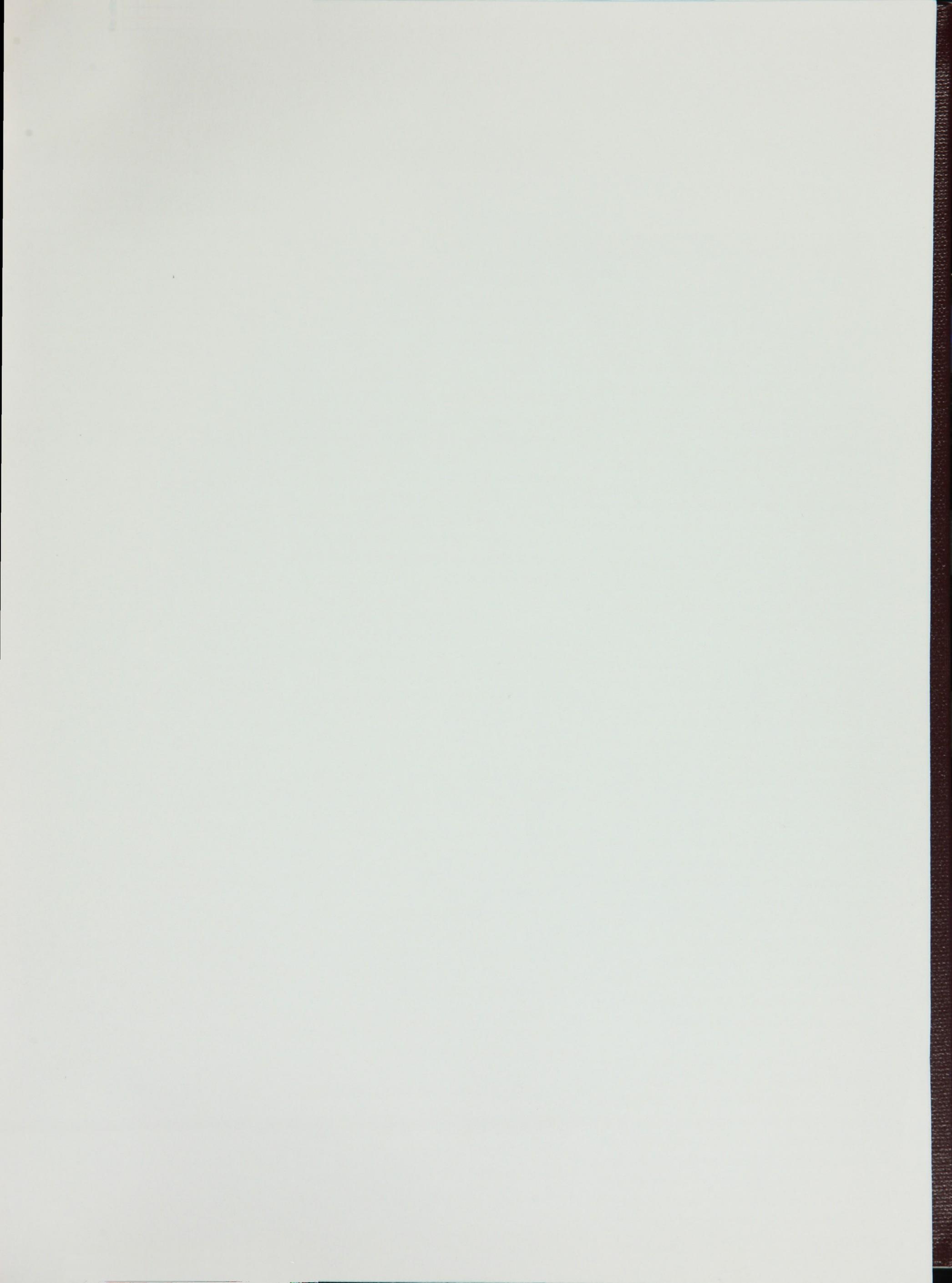
Le Service Extérieur – Ministère des Affaires étrangères et du commerce international et le Ministère de la Citoyenneté et de l'Immigration - 75 postes à Ottawa et à l'étranger

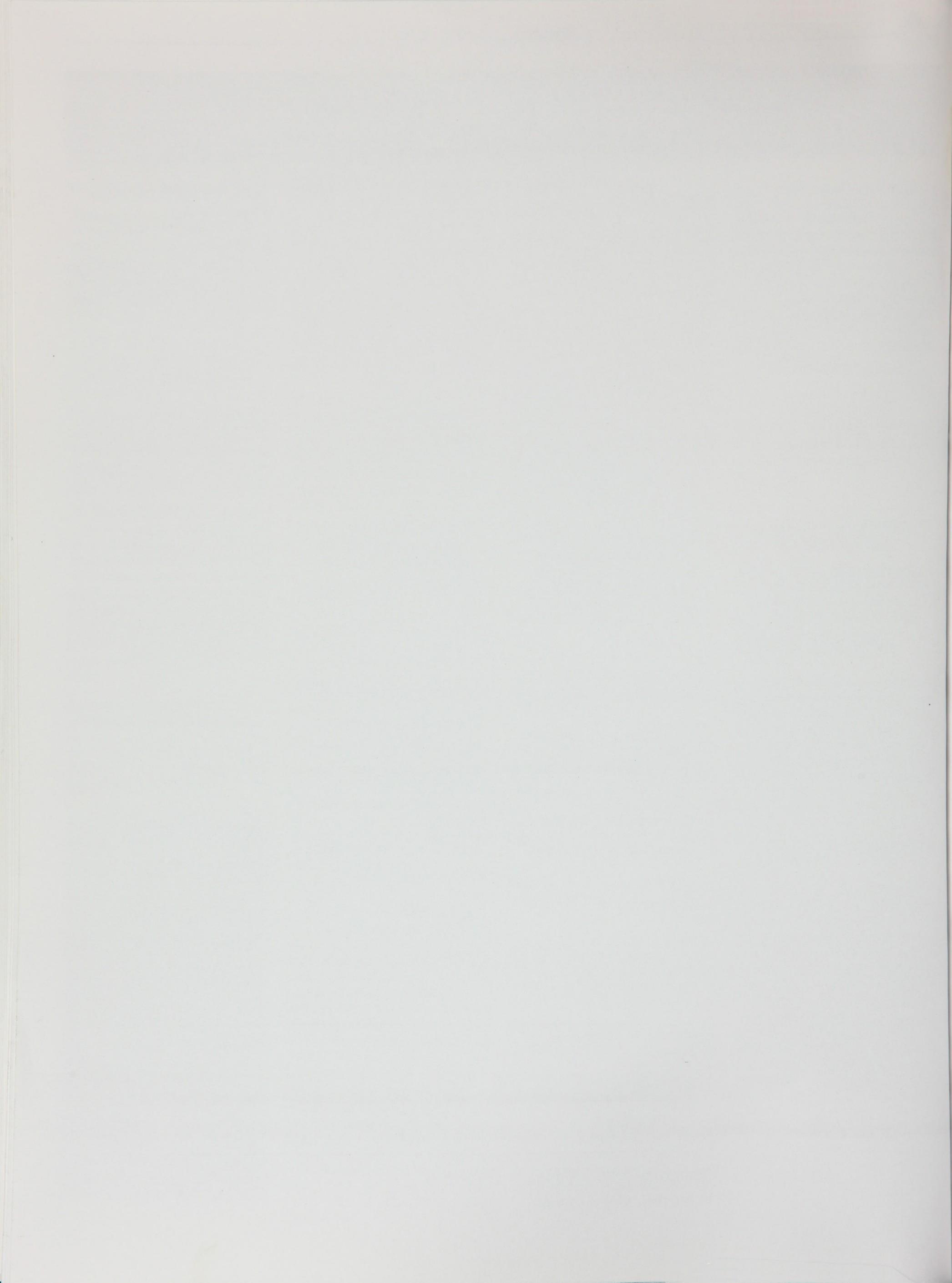
Spécialistes de la Gestion et des affaires consulaires – Ministère des Affaires étrangères et du commerce international – 15 postes à Ottawa et à l'étranger

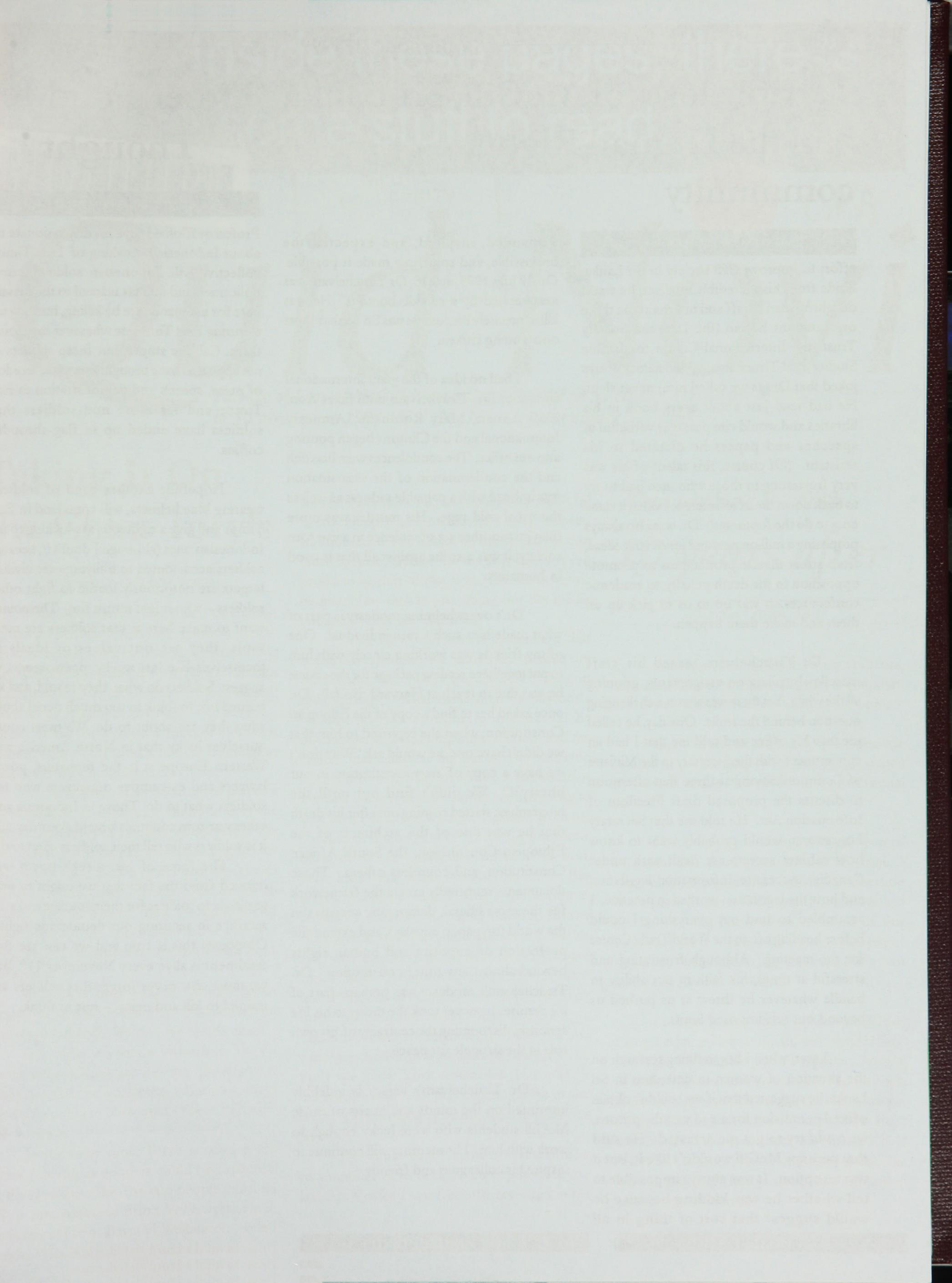
Programme d'emploi des autochtones – Ministère des Affaires indiennes et du Nord Canada et plusieurs autres

Date limite: 4 octobre Tous les détails avec le formulaire d'application disponible au Service de placement ou inscription en direct sur le web à <http://jobs.gc.ca>.

McGill CAPS Career Fair will be held on Tuesday, September 21, at OMNI Hotel on Sherbrooke Street. Please check their website for the list of firms attending this fair. www.mcgill.ca/stuserv/caps







Terrible loss for McGill, Sri Lanka and the Human Rights community

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

effort to improve civil society in Sri Lanka. Aside from his incredible intellect, he was a delightful man. Staff and interns at the three organisations he ran (the Law and Society Trust, the International Centre for Ethnic Studies, and Tiruchelvam Associates) always joked that Dr (as we called him) never slept. He had read just about every book in his libraries and would cite passages verbatim in speeches and papers he dictated to his assistant. (Of course, this talent of his was very frustrating to those who then had to try to track down the exact reference when it came time to do the footnotes!) Dr. was also always proposing a million new and innovative ideas, from street theatre productions to promote opposition to the death penalty, to academic conferences...it was up to us to pick up on them and make them happen.

Dr Tiruchelvam teased his staff mercilessly, piling on assignments, grinning all the while. Yet there was always a challenging question behind the smile. One day, he called me into his office and told me that I had an appointment with the Secretary to the Minister of Communications at three that afternoon to discuss the proposed draft Freedom of Information Act. He told me that Secretary Logeswaran would probably want to know how cabinet secrets are dealt with under Canadian Access to Information legislation and how the legislation worked in practice. I scrambled to find out everything I could before heading off to the World Trade Centre for the meeting. Although frustrating and stressful at times, his faith in our ability to handle whatever he threw at us pushed us beyond our self-imposed limits.

Later, when I began doing research on the situation of women in detention in Sri Lanka, he suggested that if we couldn't obtain official permission for me to visit the prisons, we *could* try to get me arrested. He said that perhaps McGill wouldn't like it, but it was an option. It was always impossible to tell whether he was kidding because he would suggest that sort of thing in all seriousness.

demanded, inspired, and expected the impossible, and somehow made it possible. On 29 July, 1999, at 9:15, Dr Tiruchelvam was assassinated by a suicide bomber. He was killed precisely because he was Sri Lanka's most outstanding citizen.

I had no idea of the giant international stature of Dr. Tiruchelvam until faxes from Kofi Annan, Mary Robinson, Amnesty International and the Clintons began pouring into our office. The condolences were heartfelt and the condemnation of the assassination was imbued with a palpable sadness as well as the usual cold rage. His murder was more than just another act of violence in a war torn society; it was a strike against all that is good in humanity.

Dr.'s overwhelming modesty is part of what made him such a rare individual. One of my friends was working closely with him to put together a reading package for the course he was due to teach at Harvard this fall. Dr. once asked her to find a copy of the Ethiopian Constitution; when she reported to him that we didn't have one, he would ask 'Why don't we have a copy of *every* constitution in our library?!" We didn't find out until the biographies started coming out after his death that he was one of the architects of the Ethiopian Constitution, the South African Constitution, and countless others. Those documents reportedly create the framework for the most liberal, democratic societies in the world (on paper, anyway), and extend the protection of minority and human rights beyond almost any other constitution. Dr. Tiruchelvam's modesty was perhaps part of his demise: he never took the threat to his life seriously, discounting the centrality of his own role in the struggle for peace.

Dr. Tiruchelvam's legacy is indelibly imprinted on the minds and hearts of those McGill students who were lucky enough to work with him. His memory will continue to inspire his colleagues and friends.

Other Food for Thought

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Professor Elobaid gave his dispassionate account of Indonesia's crushing of East Timor's collective will. Indonesian soldiers, armed policemen and militias reacted to the mass vote for independence by killing, burning and torturing East Timorese wherever they found them. Call me stupid, but these soldiers do not appear to have brought free trials, freedom of press, speech and demonstration to East Timor and far more non-soldiers than soldiers have ended up in flag-shrouded coffins.

Hopefully another band of soldiers wearing blue helmets, will soon land in East Timor and give a righteous ass-kicking to the Indonesian ones (although I doubt it, because soldiers accustomed to bullying easy civilian targets are notoriously loathe to fight other soldiers – who might return fire). The point I want to make here is that soldiers are merely tools, they are not values or ideals. As themselves like last week's poem seems to suggest. Soldiers do what they're told, and are trained not to think in too much detail about what they are about to do. We must count ourselves lucky that in North America and Western Europe it is the reporters, poets, lawyers and ex-campus organizers who tell soldiers what to do. Those in Indonesia and other war-torn countries lament every day that it is soldiers who tell their soldiers what to do.

The force of last week's poem was derived from the fact that we ought to owe a debt of gratitude to soldiers for their courage and self-sacrifice in securing our democratic rights. Obviously this is true and we can see that sentiment is alive every November 11th. But we must also never forget that soldiers are trained to kill and maim – not to think.